

Monday, April 29, 2002

GONZO

edition

Volume LXV, Number 119, 1916-

Elusive mystery:

Baseball prospect sends rumors flying around campus, 8

Here kitty...:

 Exclusive on campus' scary kitty, 4


TODAY'S WEATHER

 High: 61°
Low: 45°


Corruption, poverty and three smoking barrels

"It's late!" A spark of consciousness pierced my dreams. The radio-alarm clock read 4 a.m. and in a half-hour they would come to pick me up. I sat



up, my mind drowsy from a heavy night of strange dreams. It was Election Day and I had no idea what to expect.

The air, sliding in from an open window, was cold and unnaturally crisp for Mexico City. I inhaled a deep breath, got ready, grabbed the camera, the press passes and my messenger bag, and headed downstairs to wait for Juan to pick me up.

I sat outside on the curb, enjoying the silence. I had a sudden craving to dig into my bag for the pack of Marlboros. It wasn't the nicotine I craved, but the soothing motions of thick gray smoke.

A van flashed its high beams as it swerved closer to the curb. Juan was late again. "We just have to drive to the office and pick up the equipment," he said.

"And Sebastian?" I asked.

"He is waiting for us there."

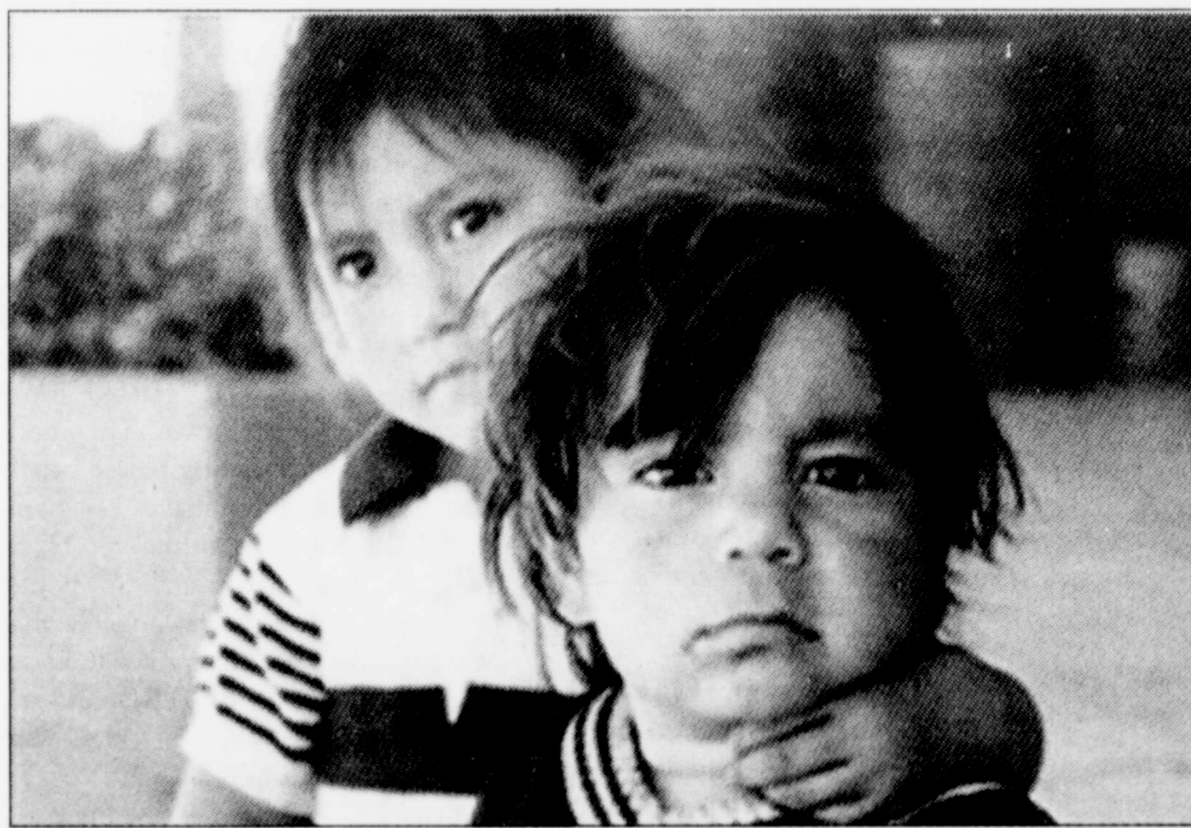
It would be just the three of us in the middle of small villages and towns, covering what the foreign news office in New York called "the rural vote." Without realizing it, we were walking into one of the most vital days of Mexico's history in decades.

Mexico City slept. The "dry law" had pacified the population by prohibiting the sale of alcohol a day prior to elections.

Sebastian was waiting outside the office, camera and sound equipment in hand. He wore his white button-down shirt, jeans, indigenous leather sandals and a blue sweater tied over his shoulders. He was the epitome of a city boy turned native.

"Let's go kids. It's gonna be a long day." Sebastian jumped into the van and made himself comfortable on the back seat, placing his camera next to him. Outside, every pole, wall and window was cluttered with images of candidates promising progress and stability. An end to corruption had been the election's central issue. All three candidates used it and all three had been charged of conducting shady businesses at some point during

see MEXICO, page 2



SONIA SLUTZKI/MUSTANG DAILY

The two children to the left were photographed by Slutzki while covering the "rural vote" outside Mexico City for NBC. Below, left, peasants wait in line to cast their votes. Center, most walls around the city looked new because candidates used them for campaigning. Right, a woman complains about events that took place during the last presidential election.



Past ASI election fraught with soap opera-like drama

There may not have been any hanging chads, but there was plenty of scandal.

Who would have thought that something as seemingly harmless as a race for Associated Students Inc. president would have become the soap opera of Cal Poly history? From altered campaign posters to accusations of socialist alliances to a heated showdown in the ASI office, the election of 2001 was unforgettable to all those involved, including me.

When my editors asked me at the beginning of the quarter if I was free Wednesday nights from 5 to 7 p.m., I hesitantly answered yes. They needed someone to cover the notorious ASI beat, and I agreed.

Looking back, it seems ironic that my first story to preview the election focused on the new election rules, which clarified policy about campaign violations. At that point, I had no idea just how important the subject of campaign violations would be to the election.

My next story, "Candidates race for ASI titles," went just fine. Everything was happy in "ASI-election land" until a few days later, though, when the first of many scandals rocked the election. Someone had tampered with Vann's campaign signs. The culprit(s) had taken down his posters and scanned

new words and phrases on them, including changing Vann's last name to "Bigot."

As soon as I heard, I immediately tried to call Vann and the appropriate people for the story. While talking to Vann, I felt really bad for him. I was shocked that someone would do that in a college presidential campaign. As I wrote the story, I began to realize that this election would be quite interesting.

The next official event was the candidate forum. Dan Gonzales, one of our photographers, met me in front of Fisher Science, where we watched as campaigners showed up in the appropriate "team" colors. Upon entering the large classroom, I realized that there were about three people there who didn't already sport a T-shirt for their presidential choice. I wondered about the point of the event. The candidates certainly weren't going to convert their opponents' friends into voting for them. But I was there, and it was my story that was going to tell the other 16,950 lazy people who couldn't make it what the candidates believe in. Suddenly, I felt very powerful. I sat back, and let the sound bites roll in.

During the question-and-answer portion of the evening, someone sporting a Vann T-shirt asked Hacker how she could be a member of the Progressive Socialist Alliance. I listened as Hacker calmly explained that she is a supporter of the Progressive STUDENT Alliance on campus.

So now I had an interesting dilemma. Here was an interesting angle to my story, complete with headline and all: "ASI mudslinging dirties forum." However, anyone who knows anything about Cal Poly politics knows that the 'S' in PSA doesn't stand for Socialist. It was obviously an orchestrated question meant to get the attention of the press (me) and make Hacker look bad in print. I wasn't about to give the dirty question the light of day in the paper. I already had the information I needed anyway, so I decided to cut out early so I could get back to the Daily to write the story for the next day's paper.

Things were still relatively calm at this point. That article went fine, and I followed it up with a story about the new voting technology to be employed in the upcoming election. The day that story ran, a member of ASI approached me and asked if I didn't know how to use quotation marks. Two questions ran through my mind. 1) Is she really this stupid? 2) Is she trying to bag on my story? I chose to assume that she was not versed in newspaper writing, and gave her a brief explanation of the concept of paraphrasing. I think she got the point.

But then the big day arrived: elections! It was quite the coincidence that I ran into Vann at one of the polling locations. We exchanged some chitchat, and then each slipped behind a curtain to vote.

Later that night, the announcement of the results was a couple hours

behind schedule, so I chatted with then-President Sam Aborne and others, who were anxious to hear the results. After an agonizing wait, the results were finally announced, but no one had received 50 percent of the votes. However, Hacker and Vann were the front-runners, meaning Reihl was out. I watched as Hacker hugged her friends, and Vann shook the hands of his campaigners. As Hacker approached Vann to shake his hand, she uttered the words "And we're off" — my favorite quote of the election.

At this point I was frustrated that we were probably going to be charged by University Graphics Systems for being late to turn in our pages, and for what? A run-off. But I ran back to the Daily and started writing the story. The saga continued.

The next day, word broke that some students were complaining about the format of the ballots. Some criticized the ballots as being confusing. Some students didn't even know the ballots were two-sided. Ugh, another controversial election story. In the end, ASI created new, "easy-to-understand" ballots for the voters, and I wrote the story about it. But the day that story ran, an entirely different drama was about to unfold.

Tuesday morning, Elections Committee Chair Liberty Lewis told Vann that he had violated one campaign regulation and would have to

see ELECTION, page 2

Gonzo Edition 2002

This issue is a tribute to Gonzo journalism, developed by Hunter S. Thompson, the famed author of "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas." This is our chance to bring you the wild side of journalism — the harrowing tales, the wild animal chases, the elusive athletic prodigy. By the way, the stories aren't all true either.



Literary non-fiction
Factual stories based on real events that took place while working

as reporters.



Some exaggeration
These stories are based on real events but contain certain exaggerations.



Sci-fi
As the title indicates, DO NOT take these stories seriously. They are NOT real.

These events NEVER took place. Do not write us any letters complaining about them. We already know they don't make any sense.

- Enjoy!

Weather WATCH

5-DAY FORECAST



TUESDAY
High: 64° / Low: 46°



WEDNESDAY
High: 66° / Low: 47°



THURSDAY
High: 68° / Low: 48°



FRIDAY
High: 69° / Low: 48°



SATURDAY
High: 68° / Low: 46°

TODAY'S SUN
Rise: 6:14 a.m. / Set: 7:47 p.m.

TODAY'S MOON
Rise: N/A / Set: 11:06 p.m.

TODAY'S TIDE
AT PORT SAN LUIS
Low: 6:45 a.m. / -1.25 feet
High: 1:24 p.m. / 3.71 feet
Low: 5:59 p.m. / 2.12 feet



MEXICO

continued from page 1

the electoral campaign. It was all about who made the other look worse.

We drove on empty highways, the city flashing through the windows. It was a vast valley of pavement and cement, a labyrinth of poverty, crime, Aztec blood and American products.

"Democracia un huevo!" (Democracy my balls!) The image of a young student, yelling in a protest against Fox the day before, flashed in my mind.

"The last thing Latin America needs is another leader who will prostitute his people into the hands of Yankee corporations!" the young student had said.

Most people I had met in Mexico had a deep dislike for America, yet continued to bathe themselves with its cars, products, fashions and images. As I interviewed the young student, after the protest had died down, the rage in his dark eyes had made me feel uncomfortable. He was the leader of the student alliance that was anti-Fox, anti-corporation and pro-left wing. He had a sharp mind, but his anger had blinded him to the point that anything of European decent became his target.

As the highway climbed away from the city, the valley started shrinking below us. The van neared the edge of the precipice with every curve, and each time, I would catch a glimpse of Mexico City, surrounded by flattened hills and dormant volcanoes. The morning fog still covered the basin, disguising the city's modern existence and creating a mystical scene.

We arrived at an adobe building, simple and desolate. "Escuela Benito Juarez" was written in blue, cursive letters over the top. The school's large entrance was open, displaying a central patio bare of decorations. Inside, a group of peasants were standing in line, while some teachers organized the voting stations.

For the first time in decades, the entire nation had been mobilized to ensure the elections were carried out

without any incidents. It was as if, after 71 years of dormant nationalism, the spirit of Popocatepetel, the most feared Aztec volcano, had erupted in its people a desire for change.

Sebastian and Juan started roaming amongst the crowd, capturing images on film. We would send them to New York via satellite that same afternoon, and I knew most of what we saw would be lost. The producers wouldn't care.

I stayed farther away, taking pictures with my own 35-millimeter camera. No one there was taller than 5-foot-4, a sign of their pure indigenous descent. The women wore dusty flowery skirts, blouses and long, black braids. The men were in their white shirts, huarache sandals and straw hats; their faces tense and somber as they watched us intrude into their world. They often mumbled phrases in their dialect, gesturing one thing or another.

My ears were hit by a thick wave of laughter. A wide man, dressed in a brown suit, snakeskin boots and a white hat, stood by the door.

He was the Capataz, the overseer of the lands and the person for whom the peasants worked. He greeted every worker as they walked in. They nodded at him with slightly bowed heads, never reaching to shake his hand unless he took the initiative. That's who we needed to watch. As it had happened before, it was possible that the peasants were being forced to vote for the party in power (PRI), and the Capataz was likely there to make sure everything went as planned.

The PRI had been the ruling party for 71 years, using all sorts of tricks to remain in power. In the past, public workers had been threatened with losing their jobs if the party didn't win. Farm workers and peasants had been offered financial aid — half of it before the elections, the other half once the party won. In marginal areas, people had been offered money and food if they assisted government rallies.

This was the first time a candidate for the opposition, Vicente Fox, stood a chance against the dictatorial democracy.

"Sonia!" Sebastian signaled for me to walk toward him. "I found the woman we need to interview. She's good." He pulled me toward a petite

lady, her face scarred by a lifetime of sun, her gray braid down to her lower back.

"Pa' que se ponen a ser tanta cosa, si to'o va termina' por ahi tirado!" She swung her arms toward the street as she spoke with an indigenous accent. She told us about the last elections and how days later all of the votes had been found behind a house. They had never reached the counting tables. Everyone around pretended not to notice the interview. She went on to tell us she had little hope anything would change, but she wanted a clear conscience. There was no way she would vote again for the party in power.

Either out of fear or for lack of interest, no one else wanted to speak to us. Sebastian went on taking different shots with Juan behind him capturing sound. I moved toward a couple of children who sat idly against the foot of a column. Behind them, at a distance, stood the Capataz.

The girl stared at me with distrust. She was no more than 6 years old. I smiled at her and moved a little closer to get a better shot. She was holding on to her younger brother, who sat in front of her. Dirt covered their faces and stuck to their hair. I tried to capture their aged souls as they both looked into the camera, void of expression.

The Capataz's voice reached me again. He was embracing a worker by the shoulders. His free hand clearly held something. I couldn't see what it was. I held my camera away from the children and tried to focus on his hand. It was a wad of pesos, tightly packed. The Capataz was placing it into the man's shirt pocket.

The memory of a military officer, pointing his gun directly at my chest, paralyzed my body. Two weeks ago, I had been taking pictures of four soldiers blocking an intersection during a student-rally. Suddenly a lieutenant had stepped in front of me, rifle in hand. He took the film.

I pressed the trigger. Laughter emanated from the Capataz's throat. He was patting the man's pocket and was prompting him to keep walking. I had been frozen for too long. I would

have nothing against him, other than the picture of a fat man being friendly with his worker. At the sound of the last click, he turned to me. He had a stern expression of arrogance. I looked at him for just a second and pointed my camera back at the two youngsters, who by then had lost all interest in me. He smoothed both sides of his thick moustache and looked away. I took a breath.

I waited a few minutes, pretending to take pictures and walked toward my two companions.

"Should we let the overseers know?" I asked.

Representatives from each party had been sent to almost every booth to oversee the elections.

"They wouldn't be able to do anything about it," Juan said.

Sebastian took my arm. "Besides, we are not here to get involved, we just have to get the images," he said. "And we have plenty of those, so let's go. This place is starting to get a little heavy." Sebastian nodded toward the entrance. Three men were greeting the boss. They each carried a rifle. I had become somewhat accustomed to every guard in the city carrying his own gun, but the sight of armed civilians chilled my spine. They were the boss' personal guards.

We walked toward the exit. Juan followed us, carrying the equipment. "Have a good day, sir!" Sebastian said in his friendliest tone. The man nodded at him and wished us a safe drive back to the city. He had said it with an earnest tone, but it still managed to get on my nerves.

Once in the van, on our way back to the office with half-smoked cigarettes in our hands, I rewound the film. The sun had melted the fog away. The city's gray smog covered the valley with its heavy, parasitic nature. Later that evening, it was announced that Fox had won the elections; the PRI lost almost every governorship; and NBC set aside one minute and 30 seconds to cover the event in the evening news.

Sonia Slutzki is Mustang Daily editor in chief. The events of this story took place while she was working for the NBC bureau in Mexico in the summer of 2000.

ELECTION

continued from page 1

remove all his campaign posters by 5 p.m. as a penalty. Then at 5:30 p.m. in the ASI office, Lewis informed Vann that he was being disqualified for failing to meet the guidelines set aside that morning. A heated argument ensued. And of course, right when things were getting good, I missed it all. My editors had raced up to the office, witnessed the debate and even got photos.

Lewis claimed that Vann had completed three campaign violations, and Vann claimed Lewis had given him impossible deadlines and didn't have proof of her accusations anyway. Much like the Limp Bizkit song says, it was all about the he said, she said bullshit.

Apparently, Lewis decided to let the Wednesday election take place in case the Board of Directors did not agree with her decision to disqualify Vann. But Vann said he was never told that the election was still on, and was therefore shocked to see the polls open Wednesday. When would the controversy end?

That night's Board of Directors meeting was the place to be! I sat in my cushy chair at the large circular table

set-up as I watched as the room overflow with spectators anxious to see if Vann's votes would be counted at all. After running through the first few agenda items, one member of the Board made a motion to skip to the good stuff — the election. Nice move! There was a second to the motion, and the debate was on.

After Vann gave his pleadings to the Board about why he shouldn't be disqualified, a huge debate about elections issues followed. It seemed to last forever, and my pen could barely keep up. "Why didn't I bring a tape recorder?" I thought. I was writing so fast I could feel my hand cramping.

Eventually, a motion was made to count the ballots. Lewis and others scurried off to count the ballots, and the rest of us sat and waited. The meeting was officially on hold, so some kind soul ordered pizza so we wouldn't die of starvation or pass out from nerves.

After two hours, Lewis announced that the members of Information Technology Services who were in charge of tallying the votes had gone home. But wait! Lewis, ASI adviser Pat Harris and a representative from both campaigns had separated the ballots into two stacks: one for Vann and one for Hacker.



Liberty Lewis stands in front of last year's ASI president run-off ballots for Brent Vann and Angie Hacker. Reporter Janelle Fosskett covered the election for the Daily.

FILE PHOTO

I felt like I was at a boxing match and the announcer was going say, "In this corner, with a stack much higher than her opponent's stack ... Angie Hacker," and thrust her arm into the air to declare victory. Although this isn't quite what happened, I had a hard time controlling my laughter at the not-so-technical means by which

Hacker was declared the "unofficial winner."

Someone made motion to have the meeting adjourned, so I got my quotes from Hacker and Lewis and sped back to the newsroom to type. Our photographer Dan Gonzales, in his brilliance, thought he should get a picture of the two stacks of ballots. Sure enough, on

the cover of the newspaper the next day was a picture of Lewis, standing behind one tall stack and one short stack of ballots. It was the perfect picture to conclude the drama.

Janelle Fosskett is a Mustang Daily managing editor who is trying to avoid this year's ASI election.

Local Briefs

University retires entire faculty to save money

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — Cal Poly has forced its entire faculty into early retirement in a move that is expected to save millions of dollars and keep the school financially solvent for the upcoming academic year. The school plans to fill the vacant teaching spaces with, "I don't know, maybe just some people who are kinda into that whole thing," said a spokesperson for human resources. "Maybe those Poly tour guides. They seem kinda perky and energetic and probably won't ask for health insurance."

— news.calpolynews.news.com

KCPR vows to play music no one has ever heard

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — In an effort to stay ahead of the "rest of those mainstream creeps," the Cal Poly radio station announced that its new format will be composed entirely of music never heard anywhere.

"This is a concept whose time has come," said program director Carver Cordes. "There's so much music out there to listen to once. Unfortunately we have to toss the CDs after playing them, since they've been, well, um ... heard."

— news.calpolynews.news.com

Agriculture department adds "Dirt 'n' Things" class

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — Beginning next fall the ag department will begin AG 833, a class designed to examine soil and the cool stuff in it. However, detractors say the ag department is trying to compete with the biology departments' overwhelmingly successful BIO 832 "Stuff Under Rocks," introduced last spring.

— news.calpolynews.news.com

Sophomore thinks lecture was 'kinda icky'

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — According to sources, Tiffany Davis confided in her friend Jennifer Teal that "all that bacteria stuff we learned about is, like, kinda icky." Davis went on to express her discomfort with an "eeeugh." Teal then told the source that her friend really needs to "get over it and move on."

— news.calpolynews.news.com

Bookstore to sell drug paraphernalia to 'stay competitive'

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — The Pony Coral bookstore added bongos and black-light posters to its inventory in an effort to stay financially solvent.

"\$100 statistics books have such a thin profit margin that we decided to increase our bottom line with the latest in fringe culture products with cool, trippy graphics," said store manager Sue Perstoned.

— news.calpolynews.news.com

Smart room confuses professor

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — Students of English 866 wasted a good 15 minutes of class time last Tuesday as their professor struggled with the video projector. Amidst repeated pleas of "does anyone have any idea of how this works?" from the anonymous teacher, none of the students were able to help and most just shrugged and continued talking about the weekend's activities.

— news.calpolynews.news.com

Pepsi to battle Coke for rights to Poly vending machines

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — The "Ultimate Beverage Battle" takes place next week to find out which corporation, Pepsi or Coke, gets bragging and sales rights to Poly students. The match will take place near the swine unit and is limited to pointed sticks, heavy rocks and "any damn thing we can get our hands on to crush those Pepsi bas-

tards," according to someone from the Coke team.

— news.calpolynews.news.com

Physics professor makes incredible mess for no apparent reason

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — For over 20 years students have enjoyed Professor Spazzoretti's entertaining demonstrations of dropped eggs, smashed fruit and oozing liquid. But early Monday, the professor confided to an unnamed source that the experiments illustrated "at best, the importance of a good strong paper towel."

— news.calpolynews.news.com

Local briefs compiled from various sources by Mustang Daily contributor Harry Fursuit.

National Briefs

Snoop Dogg to speed Middle East negotiations

WASHINGTON — In a last-ditch peacekeeping effort, the White House has decided to send rapper Snoop Dogg to Israel to mediate negotiations between Israeli President Ariel Sharon and Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat.

A White House spokeswoman said previous peacekeeping missions have been unsuccessful partially due to the high-stress environment and ineffective communication. The White House decided to send Dogg because it believes he will provide a relaxing environment that will aid in improving communication and honesty. Dogg has had experience in dealing with gang violence in impoverished areas — experience the White House feels is crucial.

"We're still not sure if Snoop was literal when he said he would start

negotiations by having Sharon and Arafat 'smoke the peacepipe,'" the spokeswoman said.

Reverend Jesse Jackson had previously offered to help negotiations in the Middle East, but the White House chose Dogg over Jackson because "Jesse Jackson just likes to hear himself talk — and that wouldn't help communication between Sharon and Arafat. We need someone who can chill everyone out and be real."

Dogg may have problems getting a passport though. He is awaiting trial for charges of marijuana possession, which was allegedly found on the bus for his "Puff Puff Pass" tour last year. White House Officials said they are looking into possible plea bargains to speed up the process.

— USA YESTERDAY

Kid Rock, Anderson hoping for cloned child

DETROIT — Newly engaged couple Pamela Anderson and Kid Rock announced this weekend that they would be looking into different "alternative" methods of having a child — including cloning or finding a "surrogate" mother for the pregnancy.

The couple is eager to have a child, but are worried that Anderson's recently diagnosed Hepatitis C — which she claims she contracted by sharing a tattoo needle with former husband Tommy Lee of Mötley Crüe — may cause complications or infection for the child if they were to have one naturally.

"We really want to have a child, but we want to do it in a safe way that is best for the child," said Rock.

Rock has a child from a previous relationship and Anderson has two children fathered by Lee. Lee and Anderson are currently in a custody battle for the two children. Anderson is trying to prove that Lee is an unfit father.

Some fans are excited about the possibility of the couple having a baby. One fan predicted that the child would be known as the "Prince or Princess of 'Pimp Rock,'" and said that Anderson and Rock's engagement is more exciting than when "King of Pop" Michael Jackson and the daughter of Elvis "The King" Presley, Lisa Marie Presley, got married.

— KHGX

International Briefs

United Nations

UNITED NATIONS — Hundreds of people all over the

world died today due to acts of violence and terrorism between ethnic, political or religious groups.

There were also some who died due to the lack of reasoning on the behalf of stupid, vengeful people. Here are the current totals:

Colombia: At least 40,000 people have died in warfare between rebel guerrilla groups and the government during the last decade.

Israel: More than 1,315 Palestinians and 458 Israelis have been killed since September 2000 after peace talks stalled.

Afghanistan: At least 25 were killed and 70 were injured during fighting between angry warlords in eastern Afghanistan this weekend.

India/Pakistan: Eleven were killed in the Indian state of Kashmir in clashes between the Pakistani separatist rebels and the Indian/Muslim majority in the region. During the 12-year rebellion, authorities estimate 33,000 people to have died in the conflict. Separatists believe the number to be closer to 80,000.

Germany: 18 died in a high school shooting by an angry male who also shot and killed himself.

— Reuters

Asia

SEOUL, South Korea — In an effort by South Korean restaurateurs to dispel Western attitudes toward their cuisine, soccer fans at this year's World Cup will be offered a variety of dog meat dishes for free. The complimentary dog soup, dog sandwiches and dog burgers will be offered at all 10 World Cup stadiums. More than 150 restaurants will be participating.

Campaigners for animal rights want the consumption of dog meat to be banned and say the practice is "barbarous."

The restaurant group released a statement saying "Our campaign is aimed at advertising our traditional food to foreigners to dispel their prejudices about our food culture." For perspective, they mentioned that other countries traditionally eat horse meat, snails or pigeons.

There are an estimated 6,000 dog meat restaurants worldwide. About 3 million of South Korea's 47 million people are believed to eat dog meat.

The World Cup is scheduled for May 31 to June 30 and is being co-hosted by South Korea and Japan.

— Ananova

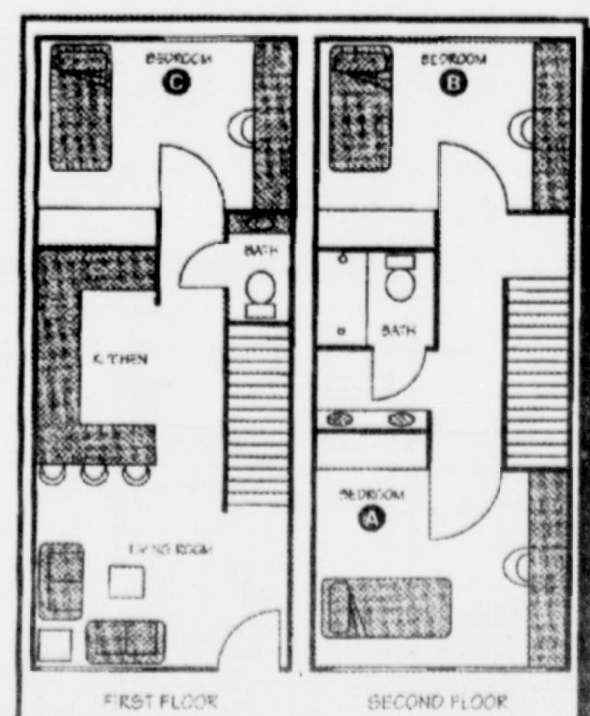
Valencia

Student Apartments

555 Ramona Drive SLO, 543-1450

NOW LEASING

for 2002 - 2003



The Most Complete Student Housing Complex in Town!

Valencia is a 160-unit Spanish -style apartment community located just minutes from Cal Poly. We offer private bedrooms in 3-bedroom, 1 1/2 bath townhomes with many amenities such as a Rec. Center, Computer Lab, Heated Pool and a great location. Valencia is on the Cal Poly bus route and less than a block from the Foothill Shopping Center. Valencia also offers the convenience of 9 1/2 and 11 1/2 month lease terms.

Come take a tour and see...

Monday - Friday 9am - 5pm



Need TRAFFIC SCHOOL, but don't want to waste time in an 8-hour class?

TrafficSchool.com offers on-line and workbook traffic school 24/7 in the convenience of your own home.

\$5.00 Off

Order On-line at: www.trafficschool.com
Order Toll-Free at: 1-800-691-5014

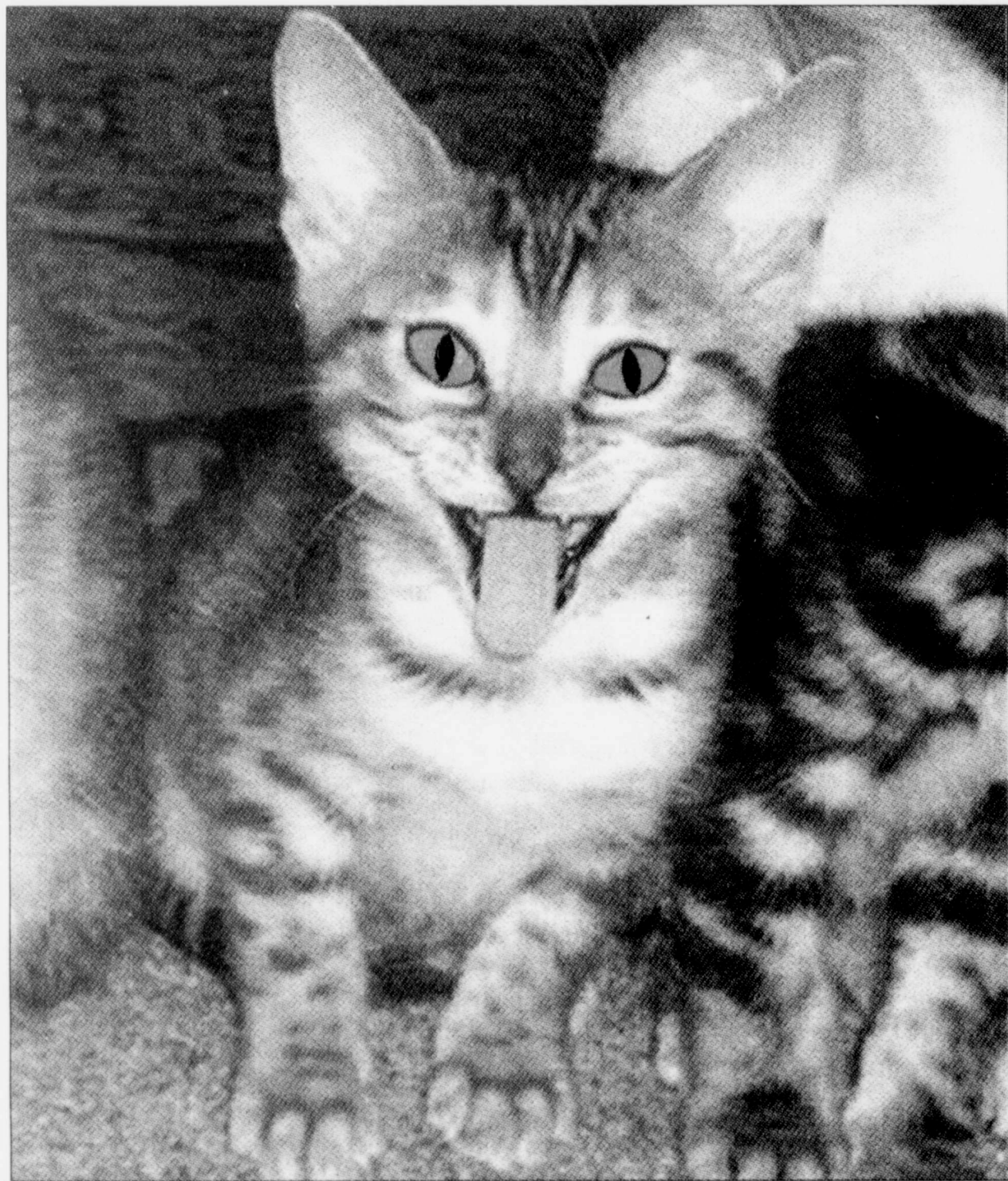
Promotion Code: mustang (Enter code online or call toll-free / Expires 1/1/04)

See why Cal Poly students such as you have made us the #1 choice for 24/7 traffic school!

Court Approved Throughout California
TrafficSchool.com
Driving Down Your Cost of Driving.®



Rumors of scary kitty are false



"Baby Kitty," as she is affectionately called, is the only remaining feline at the shelter. All the other cats have mysteriously disappeared.

Reports of a really big kitty cat with red glowing eyes and the ability to shoot a green acid-like substance from its nostrils are totally exaggerated, according to University Police.

Reports of the cat stalking the campus late at night are the fodder of "frustrated teenage minds, probably wasted on Red Bull," said a member of University Police.

But the police are still taking precautions and handed out fliers yesterday describing in detail what students should do if they come in contact with the feline.

"If you do see the 'imaginary' kitty, do not approach or taunt it," said Police Officer Collin Alkars. "And definitely don't spray him with a water bottle - cats hate that - and don't dangle a piece of yarn in front of it. Call the Cal Poly Public Affairs office immediately."

Police said they checked the campus cat shelter and found nothing.

Leonard Nimoy, the shelter manager, said he didn't notice anything suspicious at the shelter that once housed 15 kitties, but now is home to one dog-sized snarling feline.

"Over there is 'Baby Kitty,'" Nimoy said. "Boy, he's grown a lot since he first got here. He must have scared the other kitties off. He's a little big for his age. The rumored cat is supposed to be dog-sized. I'd say Baby is more the size of a Peruvian Tapir or a European wild boar."

Nimoy became concerned with the cat's health when its post-nasal drip began dissolving the blankets, chairs and concrete of the shelter.

"I think he might have a little cold or

something," Nimoy said.

Polly Urethane, night watchperson for the campus, said rumors have been circulating for months about the animal science department's late-night drunken experiments in animal modification.

"They're like gear-heads working on cars, except they do it with animals," Urethane said. "I think they got pretty lubed one night and, having used up their allotment of monkey keys for the year, went out and grabbed one of the campus' feral kitties to experiment on."

Animal Science Provost Dick Rinkle denied the allegations.

"We categorically, emphatically deny conducting experiments on the campus' feral cats," Rinkle said. "Even though we could and no one would know about it. It's actually hard to resist using the great new genetic modifying techniques made available to this department by the generous corporate sponsorship from GenLife - GenLife! the company of tomorrow is here today! - but we would never use it on the kitties."

President Baker's office also denied reports of a "big ass kitty-cat."

"There is nothing to worry about," Baker said. "This campus is safe. There is no giant genetically modified beast that, if it was real, would bring untold amounts of money and prestige to this campus in the blossoming field of house pet modification - which, by the way, would finally show those self-righteous pinheads at Texas A&M that Cal Poly is a force to be reckoned with! Damn you! But really, the big kitty thing, it doesn't exist. Really."

Yuri Nareincontinence is a journalism senior and Mustang Daily staff writer.

Exposé on karaoke turns into a love affair

I knew from the start that I'd love karaoke. I had never done it before, but when I got a chance to do an undercover expose into the seedy underbelly of local karaoke bars, I jumped at the chance.

Of course, when my editors gave me this assignment, I pretended to be disgusted at the thought of untalented and unattractive people swaying in front of a drunken crowd, belting out Garth Brooks and Pat Benatar tunes, all for the sake of misguided attention and adoration. I mean, really.

Who do these karaoke singers think they are?

In reality, I was glowing inside, knowing I would finally get my chance to shine like the karaoke goddess I knew I'd be after singing one song. While reporting on the karaoke phenomenon, I would definitely have to test out each microphone, all for the sake of the story, of course.

I recruited my friend Brian to go along with me to all the karaoke bars. Reluctantly, he said he'd go, but he swore he'd never sing. Actually,

that's a lie. He's an old pro who also secretly loves karaoke, but he faked a lack of enthusiasm to avoid ridicule from peers and co-workers who, as we said, "just wouldn't understand."

I wasn't sure what I'd find at the local karaoke bar scene. Perhaps there'd be wannabe performers still waiting to get discovered, maybe courageous souls who simply love singing or possibly just drunken fools who can't carry a tune to save their lives. I found out that karaoke bars have all of these types of people, all clamoring for their turn at the microphone.

Admittedly I was nervous. Only the inside of my car and shower stall had heard me sing, and they didn't seem to mind. But how would the raucous crowd react to my voice, I wondered. Brian urged me not to worry too much.

"But I don't think I know this song that well," I whined.

"That's why the words are on the big-screen TV," he said as he wrote my name and song choice down on a slip of paper. "Here, give this to the DJ."

I sauntered past an older cowboy-type who was loudly crooning "Mack the Knife" and handed my slip to the DJ, who flashed me a devilish grin.

"Nice choice," he said as he looked at my song title.

After a few more people had their turns, the DJ called out my name. This is it, I thought, and grabbed the mic. I looked to Brian for an encouraging glance. Instead he mouthed, "You'll be fine."

As soon as the music started, my whole body changed from tense to relaxed as the bar crowd rose to their feet and started dancing. My nervousness began to dissolve into liquid courage that raced through my veins as I gripped the mic and braced myself for the lyrics that graciously appeared on the TV screen in front of me.

"When I was a young girl," I belted, "Said, 'put away those young girl ways.'"

By now, everybody knew what song I was singing, and they sang along when I got to the chorus.

"Hurt so good, come on baby, make it hurt so good," poured into the air as I sang John Cougar Mellencamp's classic like it was my own song. I was a star.

Sadly, the song came to an end, but the entire bar cheered as I accepted high-fives from random people on my way over to Brian. "You were awesome!" he exclaimed.

"How can there be anything bad about karaoke?" I asked, now worried I wouldn't have anything controversial to report about in my story. "That was cathartic."

"Cathartic?"

"Yeah, you know. It was a release. Everyone should do it at least once."

"Everyone?" Brian asked as he motioned to the next performer who was squawking her way through "I Love Rock and Roll."

"Maybe you're right."

As weeks went by, karaoke became my obsession. My editors began demanding to read my story. Instead, I kept pushing my deadline, telling them I hadn't quite experienced the true essence of karaoke yet. I needed more time. Truth is, there were just so many more songs I had yet to sing, and I couldn't bear the thought of giving up my weekly routine of hanging out at karaoke bars. Soon enough, my editors gave up on getting a juicy story about karaoke.

"Karaoke is lame anyway," one of my editors said.

Well, I think they just don't understand.

Jenifer Hansen is a journalism senior and Mustang Daily copy editor.

Mustang DAILY

GRAPHIC ARTS BUILDING, SUITE 226
CAL POLY SAN LUIS OBISPO
SAN LUIS OBISPO, CA 93407
mustangdaily.calpoly.edu

Monday, April 29, 2002
Volume LXVI, No. 119
© 2002 Mustang Daily

EDITORIAL (805) 756-1796
ADVERTISING (805) 756-1143
FAX (805) 756-6784
mustangdaily@hotmail.com

Sonia Slutzki **editor in chief**
Janelle Foscett, Robin Nichols **managing editors**
Michelle Hatfield **news editor**
Karin Driesen **opinion editor**
Erica Tower **arts & features editor**
Chris Arns **sports editor**
Aaron Lambert **photo editor**
Jenifer Hansen, Cynthia Neff, Brad Parker **copy editors**
Eric Henderson, Crystal Myers **assistant photo editors**
Teresa Allen **faculty adviser**
Patrick Munroe **graphics adviser**

production manager Sheri Sakamoto
national ad director Carrie McGourty
classified ad manager Liz Perhach
circulation Brandon Byrne
ad reps Lauren Jeter, Enza Zabatta
ad designers Brooke Finan, Matt Lawicki
web & technology manager Brett Heliker
business manager A.J. Schuermann

When acronyms get ugly: a superhero's story

It's a little after 1 a.m., and I have class all day tomorrow. However, being the dedicated journalist that I am, I know the hard-hitting piece I'm working on takes precedence over sleep. Being a "watchdog" isn't as easy as some may think. Luckily, I have my superhero powers to fall back on.



Yes, that's right, I am a superhero. Kind of like Clark Kent and Superman, except I have no cool other personality, don't wear spandex, can't fly, don't have X-ray vision, am nowhere near faster than a speeding bullet ... OK, maybe I'm not like Clark Kent at all except for the split personality thing (I'll get to that later).

Instead, I have an abnormally high intelligence level that gives me the ability to weed through government abbreviations and extremely long-winded documents of what people fondly refer to as "bureaucratic bull-

shit."

I realize this makes me sound like a supreme dork, which I'm not denying, but I'll have you know that it's a very important ability to have. Not many people have the patience to try to understand acronyms, and it takes a certain type of person to be able to sit and listen to administrative officials rattle off acronyms in tongue-tying phrases such as, "Yes, we put out the APB on the CSUBOT's MBD and TPS report. If you could have the FAD contact the PFD, we'll be A-OK."

Now, I understand that you have no clue what that said, so I'll translate it. The phrase above directly translates to, "I get paid a lot more than you do to sit around and come up with acronyms that no human being can understand."

See? Again, the superhero powers are coming into play. Acronyms are basically the inside jokes of the political world. Luckily, every administrative official now offers Web sites that translate all the acronyms into English

that actual human beings can comprehend. Of course, these Web sites translate the above phrase to say "We're doing very important things with your tax dollars, so keep paying your taxes and remember me at election time."

Like Superman, my super power isn't something that can be taught. I mean, I've tried because it's not easy being the only one who understands bureaucratic ... well, you know. Sometimes I like to pretend that I don't really understand what's going on, which helps me to suck more information from sources. Playing dumb can sometimes get you further than actually boasting about your intelligence.

As for my split personality, I have pretty good control over her. However, she's easy to recognize because she is my dumb half. She's the one who trips on stairs (not so embarrassing once you get used to it), spills food on her blouse right before an interview, and plays up really well to administrative officials because she really doesn't know what's going on.

In my quest for the truth about useless

acronyms, I stumbled across the ASI Web site. I found some really good ones there. Does anyone know what the purposes of UUAB, CCFP, OSCAR, SCLC or PACE are? Yeah, again, that's my job and that's why I'm here. However, it's now a little after 2 a.m., and I still have class all day tomorrow (if only that could be changed). I'm not going to get into that now because my superpowers need a rest.

Before I end this, I will say that the best acronyms are the ones that make words (ex: OSCAR or SLO). I especially like how everyone gets creative with SLO. "SLO life." Ha ha ha.

So remember, when reading or speaking in acronyms, remember that there's something more behind the capital letters. And where there are confusing capital letters that need to be translated that's where I'll be.

Dena Horton is a JS with plans to MAD with her EIASP.

Frustrated sports reporter explains why some sports don't get coverage

I never thought that getting players to talk to the press would be such a difficult task. I mean, doesn't everyone want to get his or her name in the paper? Unfortunately, I realized this wasn't the case as I tried to cover an away series for the Cal Poly softball team one day.

I figured it would be an easy sports story to cover since I didn't have to actually attend the games. The first doubleheader was on Friday in San Jose and the second was on Saturday in Santa Clara. So while this meant no driving time for me, it did mean I had to rely solely on the players for my story. As it turns out, not being required to go to the games was probably the main reason my story fell apart.

Basically, I was told to get the cell phone numbers of some of the players and then call them to get quotes about the away series as they were driving home. Little did I know, it is illegal to give out phone numbers. So instead, I gave my number to Brian Thurmond, assistant director of Sports Information. He said he would give my number to the players, and they would call me when the games were over. I also called the head coach, Lisa Boyer, but I got her voice mail and left her a message in hopes that someone would call me.

So there I was on a Saturday night, waiting for a few players to call me after they had just played two doubleheaders over the weekend. Imagine how shocked I was when I didn't hear from anyone. That's right, no one.

At this point, I just figured that there wasn't much else I could do. I went to www.gopoly.com and printed the press releases written about the two doubleheaders. They were short and to the point, which didn't really give me any extra room to write a decent story. I decided I would go to the Mustang Daily office in the morning and access student records to get some of the players' numbers - something I should've thought about doing before. To my dismay, the Daily was locked and no one was there (I forgot it opens at noon on

Sundays).

Instead, I walked over to the library, which of course didn't open until 10 a.m. I decided I was pretty much out of luck and just wrote my story based on the information in the press release. When the library opened, I typed my story, returned to the Daily and wrote our Sports Editor Chris Arns a little note about my situation. I wrapped up my disk in the note and taped it to the outside door of the Daily.

Just as I was getting out of my car at work, my cell phone rang and it was a girl from the Cal Poly softball team. I told her what had happened and that I had to go to work, so I didn't have time to talk to her just then. I asked her if she would please e-mail me a few quotes and have some of her teammates do the same - a pretty simple task, I thought.

Her phone call made my day. I thought I was home free, and I didn't think much about it until after I got off of work and returned to the Daily to add the quotes into my story. But guess what? That's right. No e-mail.

I called the player, but got her voicemail. I left her a message and then called a few of the other players, whose numbers I finally got from the Cal Poly directory. No answer there, either. Arns said, "oh well" and we let the boring, 250-word article go to print.

Sure enough, the girl called back and said she had the quotes, but just forgot to e-mail me because she and the other players had gone to work out. Arns said, "too late" and we left the story as it was.

To make a long story short, players in any sport should never complain about not getting coverage in the Mustang Daily. If they don't call or let us know what's going on in their sports, then there's no story. All they have to do is make themselves available to the reporters and call when they say they're going to.

So while I may not have received story credit in my class for that article because it was too short, I just might get credit for this.

Leslie Edwards is a journalism senior and Mustang Daily staff writer.

Letters to the editor

Our sport deserves coverage

Editor,

My name is Bwanda Helga Lou Kamu, and I'm president of the Samoan Women's Hog Wrestling team, which is an internationally-renowned sport. I just want to complain about how our team never makes it into the sports page. I mean, just because we haven't had a home match in the last seven years and there's only three people in our fan club doesn't mean that the baseball team can be in the paper all the time. It's not fair that we never have our team on the sports schedule, and I'm not buying the excuse that if you put every sport at Cal Poly in the Daily, the schedule wouldn't fit on the page. After all, we deserve recognition - me, myself, and the other person on the team work very hard raising money to go to our Hog Wrestling match in Bakersfield every year.

So, I expect to see some coverage really soon.

Bwanda Helga Lou Kamu is a seventh-year recreation administration sophomore.

Is naked toothbrushing fair?

Editor,

I have a problem with my roommate. I was just wondering if I was exaggerating the situation in my mind or if it really is a problem. Here's the thing: He brushes his teeth in the nude.

Now, everyone has his or her own habits and strange idiosyncrasies, but is this really appropriate behavior when you live in a house with three to four other roommates? I've talked to some of my other friends about this, and they all agree that this is uncalled for. However, most of my friends who said this are children of hippie parents and probably grew up perfectly content to walk around the house naked, unconcerned about "superficial" material possessions like clothing.

I need an objective opinion about this. Is it just me, or is it unfair to subject me to the sight of my roommate's skinny butt dancing to the rhythm of the toothbrush as I walk down the hall past the open bathroom door?

Chuck Mei is a statistics junior.

Frats are just about love

Editor,

Frat bashing needs to stop. It's like the Mustang Daily completely overlooks charity-driven foam parties. Plus, they don't even acknowledge our deep appreciation for the concept of love that we clearly illustrate through our Italian Weddings, where we help two lonely souls get drunk and hook up. What's not kind about that? Without us, the San Luis Obispo slick social scene would lack in the opportunities to engage in lime-pink foam parties or fun-with-sheep night. Get a clue Daily. *

Joe Stud is a business junior.

I know the trueness of truth

Editor,

I'm so sick of people writing in about the meaning of truth. I mean, come on, no one can know what's really true until the truth is revealed. And the truth cannot be revealed until we accept the truth. However, this can be difficult for those people who do not understand the obvious meaning of truth, which is, of course, to find the trueness of truth. After all, my truth is the correct truth, and it will prevail as soon as people accept it as true. I have accepted my truth, and God loves me now. P.S. Please support your local bookstore and purchase onetruth shirts.

Mary-Ann Carpenter is a philosophy sophomore.

Letter policy

Mustang Daily reserves the right to edit letters for grammar, profanities and length. Please limit length to 250 words.

Letters should include the writer's full name, phone number, major and class standing.

By mail:

Letters to the Editor
Building 26, Room 226
Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo
CA 93407

These letters must be hand-delivered to an editor.

By fax:

(805) 756-6784

By e-mail:

mustangdaily@hotmail.com
Letters must come from a Cal Poly e-mail account. Do not send letters as an attachment. Please send the text in the body of the e-mail.

Attention:

Your letter will not be printed unless you submit it in the correct format.



Distinguished Lecturer Award Nominations



The Cal Poly chapter of the California Faculty Association (CFA) is seeking nominations for the "Distinguished Lecturer Award." The Cal State system is making fewer and fewer permanent tenure-track hires and replacing these positions with "temporary" lecturers. Though categorized as "temporary," many lecturers have taught at Cal Poly for ten years or more. Lecturers are ineligible for most teaching awards. Nonetheless, some of Cal Poly's best teachers are lecturers. We encourage students and faculty to nominate a lecturer they think is deserving of special recognition. This is your chance to make your voice heard. Three \$500 awards will be presented at CFA's end-of-the-year banquet in June.

Below is a list of lecturers at Cal Poly. Please take a moment to peruse the list to see if there is someone you like to nominate (if you're a student, it may be that your favorite instructor is a lecturer and you didn't know it). Then write or e-mail the nominee's name and reasons supporting your nomination to the address below. The CFA Lecturer Award criteria may include teaching, scholarship, service, and leadership. Thank you.

NAME	DEPARTMENT	NAME	DEPARTMENT	NAME	DEPARTMENT	NAME	DEPARTMENT
Harrington, Mary	Writing Skills Program	Keese, James	Economics	Dills, Sauny	English	Ausmus, William	Speech Communication
Maness, aAndrew	Writing Skills Program	Lindahl, Solina	Economics	Feldman, William	English	Beaman, Ronda	Speech Communication
Cooper, Mary	Architectural Engineering	Payan, Rose-Marie	Economics	Forte, Mary	English	Kawanura, Lisa	Speech Communication
Ho, Damon	Architectural Engineering	Simon, Lisa	Economics	Frucht, Naomi	English	Kivel, Cynthia	Speech Communication
Pottbust, Frederick	Architectural Engineering	Battles, Ralph	Finance	Gamer, Annie	English	Lumsden, Donald	Speech Communication
Ralo, Larry	Architectural Engineering	Cooper, Kevin	Global Strategy & Law	Hill, Adam	English	Lumsden, Gay	Speech Communication
Shallenberger, Dennis	Architectural Engineering	Glasgow, Douglas	Global Strategy & Law	Howell, Alan	English	Nolan, Francis	Speech Communication
Beller, Richard	Architecture	Lee, Starr	Global Strategy & Law	Howland, James	English	Razee, Alan	Speech Communication
Combrink, Dennis	Architecture	Perello, Christopher	Global Strategy & Law	Huston, Paula	English	Ropp, Cyd	Speech Communication
Crotser, Charles	Architecture	Phillips, Paul	Global Strategy & Law	Kirk, Daniel	English	Schultz, Jeffrey	Speech Communication
Dettmer, Randolph	Architecture	Ramsey, Jere	Global Strategy & Law	Kreeger, Karen	English	Shea, Barbara	Speech Communication
Disanto, Thomas	Architecture	Sperow, Elisabeth	Global Strategy & Law	Lazare, Donald	English	Stock, Malcolm	Speech Communication
Franklin, James	Architecture	Young, Arthur	Global Strategy & Law	Maness, Andrew	English	Teitelbaum, Jeremy	Speech Communication
Grover, L.	Architecture	Lindahl, Solina	COB Grad Mgt Prog	Momsson, Cynthia	English	Truch, Nina	Speech Communication
Illingworth, Curtis	Architecture	Ferry, David	Industrial Technology	Olvera, Dianne	English	Twisselman, Sherree	Speech Communication
Mueller, Alice	Architecture	Hoadley, Rodney	Industrial Technology	Pinto, Sari	English	Vaughn, Mina	Speech Communication
Rennick, Jennifer	Architecture	Kimble, David	Industrial Technology	Platt Jr., Hugh	English	Winn, Michael	Speech Communication
Rosa, Katrina	Architecture	Lipper, Allen	Industrial Technology	Preston, Alison	English	Malkin, Pamela	Theater & Dance
Schmidt, Richard	Architecture	Randazzo Jr., Anthony	Industrial Technology	Rheingans, Sharon	English	Stanton, Diana	Theater & Dance
Speidel, Elbert	Architecture	Farrer, Vicki	Management	Roberts, Mark	English	Walter, Michelle	Theater & Dance
Stewart, George	Architecture	Glasgow, Douglas	Management	Royal, Claudia	English	Yamate, Carrie	Theater & Dance
White, Mary	Architecture	Grosse, Robert	Management	Schiller, Mary	English	Roest Michele	Biological Sciences
White, Stacey	Architecture	Mortorff, Denise	Management	Schultz, Lydia	English	Waterbury Andrea	Biological Sciences
Wiley, Keith	Architecture	States, Mitchell	Management	Starkey, Glen	English	Atwood Linda	Chemistry
Williams, Barry	Architecture	Villa, Marcy	Management	Steiner, Lynn	English	Baker Brenda	Chemistry
Wynn, Gregory	Architecture	Wild, Rosemary	Management	Strohman, Anne-Marie	English	Berber Dolores	Chemistry
Yin, Margarida	Architecture	Williams, Dennis	Management	Tarvin, Pamilla	English	Clemens Keri	Chemistry
Black, Doreen	City & Regional Planning	Wolf, Mitchell	Marketing	Troyer, David	English	Epstein William	Chemistry
Clark, Chris	City & Regional Planning	Simon, Lisa	Marketing	Ward, Janis	English	Furutani Tracy	Chemistry
Crawford, Paul	City & Regional Planning	Snider, Gordon	Marketing	Westwood, Joel	English	Lowell Carol	Chemistry
Jencks, Michael	City & Regional Planning	Wolf, Mitchell	Marketing	Wilhelm, Deborah	English	McClure Sue	Chemistry
Knos, Charles	City & Regional Planning	Asplund, John	Aerospace Eng	Wilkinson, Heidi	English	Meisenheimer Kristen	Chemistry
Legato, Jeffrey	City & Regional Planning	Elghandour, Ettahry	Aerospace Eng	Wooton, Carl	English	Neff Grace	Chemistry
Morrow, Michael	City & Regional Planning	Gardenhire, Eric	Aerospace Eng	Nabry, Philip	Ethnic Studies	Rellick Lorraine	Chemistry
Multari, Michael	City & Regional Planning	Hall, David	Aerospace Eng	Perales, Marian	Ethnic Studies	Shroyer Robin	Chemistry
Pavlovich, Howard Zeljka	City & Regional Planning	Leaphart, Edward	Aerospace Eng	Rodrigues, Aaron	Ethnic Studies	Tanikella Murty	Chemistry
Relva, Victoria	City & Regional Planning	Okada, Dustin	Aerospace Eng	Zulfacar, Maliha	Ethnic Studies	Auyong Patricia	Kinesiology
Topping, Kenneth	City & Regional Planning	Blanchard, Jonathan	Civil Engineering	Donegan, Lorraine	Graphic Communications	Dillon Meredith	Kinesiology
Wise, Elizabeth	City & Regional Planning	Conti, Hugo	Civil Engineering	Goglio, Thomas	Graphic Communications	Goughnour Alisa	Kinesiology
Borland, James	Construction Management	Devaney, Kevin	Civil Engineering	Lawter, Brian	Graphic Communications	Kircher Sheila	Kinesiology
Gier, Dennis	Construction Management	Disimone, Kathryn	Civil Engineering	Call, Lewis	History	Medhurst Mechelle	Kinesiology
Sturges, David	Construction Management	Elghandour, Eltahry	Civil Engineering	Orijl, John	History	Meyer William	Kinesiology
Wall, Matt	Construction Management	Finger, Helene	Civil Engineering	Quinney, Kimber	History	Shrode Kimberly	Kinesiology
Burcher, Lise	Landscape Architecture	Gerfen, Jeffrey	Civil Engineering	Steenison, Gary	History	Clark, Robert	Physical Ed & Kinesiology
Corlett, Cathleen	Landscape Architecture	Jud, Eugene	Civil Engineering	Tseng, Gloria	History	Git, Susan	Physical Ed & Kinesiology
Dike, Philip	Landscape Architecture	Lips, John	Civil Engineering	Wilson, Jonathan	History	Ritter-Taylor, Michelle	Physical Ed & Kinesiology
Fross, David	Landscape Architecture	Lovato, Chris	Civil Engineering	Brand, George	Journalism	Brann Alton	Mathematics
MacElroy, William	Landscape Architecture	Mastako, Kimberley	Civil Engineering	Burdick, Eric	Journalism	Carleton David	Mathematics
Morrow, Michael	Landscape Architecture	McNeill, Patrick	Civil Engineering	Campbell, John	Journalism	Coakley Judith	Mathematics
Ragsdale, Joseph	Landscape Architecture	Richman, Ronald	Civil Engineering	Hucklebridge, Mark	Journalism	Deaton Leonard	Mathematics
Reeves, Astrid	Landscape Architecture	Wells, Benjamin	Civil Engineering	Morris-Versaw, Arlene	Journalism	Erickson Larry	Mathematics
Cochran, Kerry	Agribusiness	Wells, Diana	Civil Engineering	Sobell, Sheila	Journalism	Fisher Richard	Mathematics
De Yang, Ronald	Agribusiness	Westmann, Russell	Civil Engineering	Friend, Kathleen	Liberal Studies	Grishchenko Svetlana	Mathematics
Frangle, Thomas	Agribusiness	Yaroslaski, John	Civil Engineering	Miller, James	Liberal Studies	Horst William	Mathematics
Pompa, Rudy	Agribusiness	Finger, Helene	CENG	Fagan, Kevin	Modern Languages & Lit	Hughes Thomas	Mathematics
Beckall, Kimberly	Agricultural Educ & Comm	Gerfen, Jeffrey	CENG	Fawcett, Michael	Modern Languages & Lit	Jimenez Alberto	Mathematics
Bellack, Deborah	Animal Science	Dalbey, John	Computer Science	Feuerberg, Dawn	Modern Languages & Lit	Kennedy Jane	Mathematics
Guerra, Hector	Animal Science	Hutchenreuther, Mark	Computer Science	Frantz, Barbara	Modern Languages & Lit	Knight Johnn	Mathematics
Hall, Wendy	Animal Science	Lytte, Alwyn	Computer Science	Goldberg, Martha	Modern Languages & Lit	McJilton Michael	Mathematics
Judge, Joel	Animal Science	Parham, Nancy	Computer Science	Hartig-Ferrer, Ana	Modern Languages & Lit	Morgan Donna	Mathematics
Murphy, Kathryn	Animal Science	Phillips, Thomas	Computer Science	Kelly, Cay	Modern Languages & Lit	O'Neill Sheryl	Mathematics
Freeman, Beau	Bio Res & Ag Eng	Ross, Robert	Computer Science	Lick, Carol	Modern Languages & Lit	Rellick Lorraine	Mathematics
Mastin, Tom	Bio Res & Ag Eng	Rowtand, Arthur	Computer Science	Rector-Cavagnaro, Tony	Modern Languages & Lit	Robbins Marian	Mathematics
Styles, Stuart	Bio Res & Ag Eng	Smith, Russell	Computer Science	Rucci, Nancy	Modern Languages & Lit	Robertson James	Mathematics
Weisenberger, Gary	Bio Res & Ag Eng	Tucker, John	Computer Science	Tachibana, Yoshiko	Modern Languages & Lit	Sanders Jennifer	Mathematics
Wells, Benjamin	Bio Res & Ag Eng	Chinichian, Mostafa	Electrical Engineering	Tomkins, Diane	Modern Languages & Lit	Todorov Todor	Mathematics
Lee, John	CAGR	Corcoran, John	Electrical Engineering	Horn, Stuart	Music	Van Lingen, Rene	Mathematics
Moore, Stephen	Crop Science	Dickey, David	Electrical Engineering	Kreitzer, Jacalyn	Music	Berringer, Burton	Physics
Rehman, Shakell	Dairy Products Tech Ctr	Gerfen, Jeffrey	Electrical Engineering	Main, Roy	Music	Brown, Nicholas	Physics
Considine, Therese	Dairy Science	Kapodistrias, Apollon	Electrical Engineering	Pendleton, Curtis	Music	Carico, David	Physics
Appel, Christopher	Earth & Soil Science	Lytte, Alwyn	Electrical Engineering	Quick III, Clyde	Music	Cochran, William	Physics
Althouse, Lynne	Soil Science	Perks, Gary	Electrical Engineering	Rackley, David	Music	Epperson, Douglas	Physics
Gollnick, Susan	Food Science and Nutrition	Sackman, George	Electrical Engineering	Robison, Kevin	Music	Erickson, Larry	Physics
Gonsalves, Jana	Food Science and Nutrition	Tucker, John	Electrical Engineering	Saiz-Huedo, Jesus	Music	Henry, George	Physics
Niku, Shobreh	Food Science and Nutrition	Yu, Mei	Electrical Engineering	Sears, Ross	Music	Lascota, Gregory	Physics
Rawlinson, Ronald	Food Science and Nutrition	Burdick, Deborah	Industrial & Manufact Eng	Shumway, Jeanne	Music	Panusto, Michael	Physics
Robbins-Haney, Donna	Food Science and Nutrition	Chance, Frank	Industrial & Manufact Eng	Spiller, Henry	Music	Sandstrom-Phillips, Kimberly	Physics
Stroug, Venesa	Food Science and Nutrition	Conroy, Robert	Industrial & Manufact Eng	Stewart, Kevin	Music	Schwartz, Peter	Physics
Swadener, Susan	Food Science and Nutrition	Crockett, Robert	Industrial & Manufact Eng	Swanson, Lucy	Music	Walkup, John	Physics
Bonner, Lawrence	Natural Resource Mgmt	Lee, Denis	Industrial & Manufact Eng	Tobin, Caroline	Music	Brown, Terran	Statistics
Busby, Kimberly	Natural Resource Mgmt	McFarland, Marshall	Industrial & Manufact Eng	Abney, Keith	Philosophy	Deaton, Leonard	Statistics
Havlik, Neil	Natural Resource Mgmt	Morgan, Donald	Industrial & Manufact Eng	Burke, J.	Philosophy	Mortlock, Mary	Statistics
Jencks, Michael	Natural Resource Mgmt	Perks, Gary	Industrial & Manufact Eng	Fem, Rachel	Philosophy	Ottesen, Rebecca	Statistics
Kirschenstein, Jason	Natural Resource Mgmt	Rinzel, Lawrence	Industrial & Manufact Eng	Johnson, Bruce	Philosophy	Pollard, Richard	Statistics
Kocher, Sara	Natural Resource Mgmt	Schlesner, Elizabeth	Industrial & Manufact Eng	Kay, Brian	Philosophy	Schleicher, Nina	Statistics
McCartney, Tyson	Natural Resource Mgmt	Styles, Roxanne	Industrial & Manufact Eng	Mendel, Norman	Philosophy	Smith, Heather	Statistics
Pinno, Melissa	Natural Resource Mgmt	Gibbs, David	Materials Engineering	Nolan, Francis	Philosophy	Ballesteros, Rose	UCTE
Reid, Rob-Roy	Natural Resource Mgmt	Orling, Timothy	Materials Engineering	Verhaegh, Marcus	Philosophy	Ceaser, Lisbeth	UCTE
Yun, David	Natural Resource Mgmt	Cooper, Mary	Mechanical Engineering	Wishart, Pauline	Philosophy	Ellerbrook, Barbara	UCTE
Battersby, James	NRM Recreation Admin	Friedman, Fred	Mechanical Engineering	Czech, Adolph	Political Science	Garcia-Lemus, Mary	UCTE
Bullaro, John	NRM Recreation Admin	Ludin, Roger	Mechanical Engineering	Evans, Emmitt	Political Science	Hoskins, Gary	UCTE
Detrick, Cheryl	NRM Recreation Admin	Galanti, Tere	Art & Design	Heinrichs, Joel	Political Science	Hoyt, Jeanne	UCTE
Moyer, Cynthia	NRM Recreation Admin	Lee, Roger	Art & Design	Long, Erik	Political Science	Kidder, Jean	UCTE
Patte, Monica	NRM Recreation Admin	Lorenz, Melinda	Art & Design	Breaux, Cynthia	Psychology & Human Dvlpnt	Koff-Martin, Emilie	UCTE
Root, Kendi	NRM Recreation Admin	Lovaglio, Enrica	Art & Design	Brovar, Alan	Psychology & Human Dvlpnt	Lebens, Sandra	UCTE
Ramsey, Jere	COB	Phippis, Richard	Art & Design	Browne, Ronald	Psychology & Human Dvlpnt	Lifter, Marsha	UCTE
Bishop, Roger	Accounting	Rademaker, Pierre	Art & Design	Garcia-Lemus, Mary	Psychology & Human Dvlpnt	Martin, James	UCTE
Bissonnette, Michelle	Accounting	Vessels Henry	Art & Design	Hawthorne, Daniel	Psychology & Human Dvlpnt	Matakovich, Mary	UCTE
Cruz, Trisha	Accounting	Abney, Raymond	English	Lewis, Robin	Psychology & Human Dvlpnt	Miller, James	UCTE
Mansfield, C	Accounting	Amido, Sheme	English	Morrill, Belinda	Psychology & Human Dvlpnt	Olvera, Dianne	UCTE
Robison, Carolyn	Accounting	Bates, Patricia	English	Murphy, Janet	Psychology & Human Dvlpnt	Rheinisch, Diana	UCTE
Slyter, Erik	Accounting	Bernstein, Diana	English	Choi, Inui	Social Studies	Sherrill, Kathleen	UCTE
Wacker, Debra	Accounting	Curler, Carol	English	Keese, James	Social Studies	Slater, Michael	UCTE
Battista, Clare	Economics	Cushing, James	English	Simon, Gregory	Social Studies	Smith, Sheldon	UCTE
Elliot, Herbert	Economics	Daly, Wendy	English	Zulfacar, Maliha	Social Studies	Wilber, Charles	UCTE
Jones, Susan	Economics	De Meritt, Melody	English	Atcheson, Barbara	Speech Communication		

Please submit your nomination NO LATER THAN TUESDAY, MAY 3 to: Distinguished Lecturer Award Committee/CFA/Building38-141 or e-mail your response to mmertogu@calpoly.edu

Please include: 1. Name of Educator Nominee, 2. Reasons supporting your nomination (a minimum of 50 words should be considered), 3. Your name, and 4. Your e-mail address.

FINCH

continued from page 8

headed for the Baggs on my BMX. I was just crossing Perimeter when a flaming meteorite struck the pavement, causing a mini-earthquake that knocked me into some old man with a cheesy smile. It was none other than the president of the school.

"Baker!" I hissed, and lunged at him. He fell to the ground, crumpling into a small pile of rice paper revealing two Polynesian midgets. Baker was a puppet! The midgets scurried

By the numbers

► Finch allegedly hit 106 home runs in the Olympiakos Athenian Baseball League last year

► According to Baseball America, he's considering scholarship offers from UCLA, USC, and Ithaca College in New York

away toward the dorms, and I turned away to find the meteorite still smoking in a drain.

To my surprise, it was no meteorite but a baseball, burned up from re-entry into the atmosphere. Finch must be taking batting practice! I screamed at myself and hustled to the stadium.

I steamed through the Sports Complex, taking a disc off the head from some cracked-up ultimate frisbee-er. I managed to stagger up the hill, just in time to see Price dragging the infield.

"Coach, where is he?" I gasped. "Where's Finch?"

"Big time, babe?" he cackled. "Atta boy, come on now, let's see some H n' R, babe! Turn it now, big time!"

This was going nowhere. I wasn't fluent in pidgin baseball coach-speak, and there was nobody in sight to

"The midgets scurried away toward the dorms, and I turned away to find the meteorite still smoking in a drain."

translate.

"No, I need to talk to Finch. Interview, coach, with the Greek kid." I showed him the burned up ball.

He shouted again incomprehensibly and pointed to one of the dugouts, but I didn't see Finch. All he'd left was a book by Plato, some homemade sandals and a piece of wood the size of a two by four. I trudged back to the office, knowing I'd missed my chance to scoop the damned Tribune and that punk Brian Milne. But the sun was shining, and the pigs at the swine unit were squealing, and I perked up. After all, it was a beautiful day, and the boss ladies back at the office were busting my ass to get my page done. Screw it — I'm playing hooky.

Chris Arns is an English senior and Mustang Daily sports editor. E-mail him at carns@calpoly.edu

BASEBALL

continued from page 8

I bet on baseball. And, being a devoted Cal Poly student/fan, I had bet on the Mustangs to take the third game of this series. My interests were purely economically driven for the day. I wanted to see the Mustangs come hard out of the box and earn me a little money. Some of these guys are going to get paid to play the game someday, so why can't I make some money off of them now, right?

Ironically enough, it was also the first baseball game I was assigned to cover for the Mustang Daily.

By the numbers

► Steve bet a total of \$83.50 on the Mustangs to win by at least 4 runs.

► To help buy back many of Steve's personal belongings from his bookie, call 756-1796

Conflict of interest? Maybe, but it isn't like my article being written would depend on whether or not I won my bet, so it was

all good.

As I rolled into the parking lot of Baggett Stadium around 12:45 — just in time to mentally prepare for the game with the windows down and my stereo blasting some Unwritten Law — I eased the car into a perfect parking spot right under a pine-looking tree. Ahh, a

"As I sat in the press box and 'YMCA' played on the PA system, I began to stew more in the anger of the loss of my hard-earned dinero."

shady spot. I opened my door and felt the cool Sunday afternoon breeze, squinted from the bright sun and took a deep breath. For my money, there's nothing better than the smell of the ballpark — a nice mix of dirt and fresh-cut grass. It was a good day.

Since this was my first time to cover a baseball game, my esteemed editor Chris Arns made me sit in the press box, so I could take everything in and hear what some of the commentators were saying on the radio. Well, I think Chris must've really had it in for me.

The cacophonous dwelling that is the Baggett Stadium press box was filled with not one, but two radio station broadcasters, so I was on sensory overload. The Irvine radio commentator, who was on the opposite end of the press box from me, was more audible than the Cal Poly announcers to my immediate left.

The day went on and it got a little cooler, as did the Cal Poly offense. The team couldn't get their bats going, and they lost, 10-3. I wouldn't have been so bitter about this loss, but I had a bet going! As I

sat in the press box and "YMCA" played on the PA system, I began to stew more in the anger of the loss of my hard-earned dinero.

My friends Susan and Katie walked by the press booth, waved and asked what I was doing. Trying to hide the look of defeat on my face, I muttered, "Covering the game for the Daily." Little did they know that I was becoming poorer, right before their eyes.

Here's where the real trouble came: post-game interviews. Did I want to interview the team that had made me lose my bet? Hell yeah I did! I wanted to know what was going through their heads when they were on the field. But I can't say that I was exactly tactful, or professional, for that matter. My monetary interests got the best of me, as is shown by my line of questioning:

What were you thinking when you made that error in the third inning?

Why the hell didn't you hit two homeruns today?

Does your groin really itch that much, or do you like to touch yourself when you're bored?

Is the batting cage broken?

Where can I sign up for the team? I played Little League.

So, I guess I learned my lesson for the day. Don't bet on games that you have to cover for journalistic purposes. Or, just don't bet on Cal Poly sports.

Steve Hill is a journalism junior and a Mustang Daily staff writer. E-mail him at stevers4@aol.com

MUTTON

continued from page 8

got the car and I got my shoes.

Searching my camera bag for a flashlight, I found the next best thing: my flask.

Then waking up 40 minutes later next to one of the biggest corn-fed country boys I'd ever seen, kicking me and dragging me to his truck, I sobered up quickly with memories of "Deliverance." I'm not squealing like any pig, I thought. I can pucker up pretty damn tight.

Once we were at his truck, he asked me what the hell I was up to. In the state of mind that I was in, I spilled my guts about hearing about the rigging of the Mutton Busters run and how I was out to discover the details and get pictures.

He laughed, chugged the rest of the Jim Beam out of my flask in one

final swoop and asked me if I really wanted to know who was going to win.

He then proceeded to tell me all about who was going to win and how and why and even what sheep the kid was going to be riding. Then he drove me home.

I woke up the next morning on the porch when some girl tripped over me as she stumbled out the door. I got up realizing that the one shoe I had on was covered in mud and the other foot was just covered in a muddy sock.

That triggered vague memories about what had happened the night before. Quickly, I reached for the phone. I've got to get this in before it's too late, I thought to myself.

Dialing my bookie, I barely got the bet in before deadline.

Fifteen hours later, the phone rang and damn near sent me into cardiac arrest, as apparently I had fallen

"He then proceeded to tell me all about who was going to win and how and why and even what sheep the kid was going to be riding. Then he drove me home."

asleep using it as a pillow.

Once again, it was our sports editor wanting to know what happened to me. He claimed that he had searched for me all night. (This was a lie however, as it so happens that somehow he was able to find a girl out in the Ag land at three in the morning and quickly forgot about me).

By this time, the rodeo was long over and, it being midnight. The only way to get results was to wait for the papers to be distributed to the stands around 4 a.m. And since I

couldn't remember how much money I had put down, I desperately wanted to know if my little Mutton Buster had won.

Four hours later, I found myself at a standoff with this old guy at the newsstand. Finally, the time had come for all those hours spent watching Clint Eastwood movies to pay off. The only question now was what line to pullout.

Should I use the Josey Wales impression and say, "Dying ain't much of a living?"

Or maybe "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly": "There's two kinds of people in this world. Those with loaded guns, and those who dig." But that wouldn't make any sense in a situation such as this, and instead, I settled for "Shut up bitch." The old man was shaking as I walked past him.

I put my 50 cents into the metal dispenser, opened the door, and snatched the paper. As I turned

around, my new buddy had composed himself and once again was staring right at me.

"I'm sorry. I forgot you were there. You may go now," I said as I walked back by him.

"You could've grabbed me one," he said as I passed him.

I stopped, looked, bitch-slapped him and said, "You use dog shit for tooth paste, mate?" and kept walking.

Opening the paper to the sports pages, I noticed that my rider hadn't even made it out of the gate. Whatever money I had laid down was gone. The country boy was smarter than I had given him credit for.

I'd been had. And the lovely blonde girl who had driven me there laughed uncontrollably for a good 20 minutes.

Aaron Lambert is a journalism senior and Mustang Daily photo editor. E-mail him at alambert@calpoly.edu

Classified Advertising

Graphic Arts Building, Room 226 Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, CA 93407 (805) 756-1143

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Interested in community service? Direct a service program and receive a

\$1161 Stipend

Stop by the Community Center upstairs in the UU to pick up an application. Due May 3rd. Questions? Call 756-5834

Ameri Corps- Cal Poly Membership opportunities for 2002-2003 available at local non-profits. Perfect for a student schedule. For more information 756-5835 or bradovic@calpoly.edu

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Cal Poly students play golf for \$10 after noon everyday Chalk Mountain G.C. 466-8848

Great Job In Greek Week ΑΞΩ! We're so proud of you!

AISES Meeting April 30 @ 6:00pm MEP (Bldg. 40) Rm 110

EMPLOYMENT

Attention Greeks. Are you a hard worker? Make \$8,900 this summer. Interviews: 720-4322 Southwestern Co. Since 1868

EMPLOYMENT

P/T Catering Service Position at Cal Poly Campus Catering and Christopher Cohan Center Concessions. Up to 40 hours per week, starting at \$7/hr, based on experience. Food service experience preferred, but will train. Must be able to lift 50# and work week-ends. Flexible hours, no benefits. Please call for appointment: 756-5943, 756-2047. AA/EEC

\$250 a day potential bartending training provided 1-800-293-3985 ext. 558

EMPLOYMENT

Camp Counselors

DecathlonSportsClub in Palo Alto 6/24-8/16*\$78-\$92/day* 9am-4pm campjob@yahoo.com

Summer Mustang

Part-time help needed. Call AJ at 756-2537.

SUMMER CAMP

www.daycampjobs.com

Country Care Convalescent is now hiring nursing assistants/CNA South Atascadero 466-0282

EMPLOYMENT

Flyer Distributors/Networkers Earn \$250 Weekly Call Immediately (818)-701-1100 Visit: www.1stdominion.com

FUN - SUMMER

www.daycampjobs.com

HOMES FOR SALE

Houses and Condos for Sale For a free list of all houses and condos for sale in SLO call Nelson Real Estate 546-1990 or e-mail Steve@slhomes.com

Mystery recruit sends sports section silly!

Baseball prospect hits ball into stratosphere, Warren Baker's identity revealed

Rumors had been circulating around campus for some time, but I'd chalked it up to Open House hysteria started by Warren Baker's goons in the Foundation. With wartime screwing up the tuition ledgers, I figured they needed a good dose of publicity to meet next year's quota.

Apparently, the baseball team had a hot recruit in town, somebody who made the Natural look like Nancy Reagan. I had received the news from journalism junkie Rion McCormack,

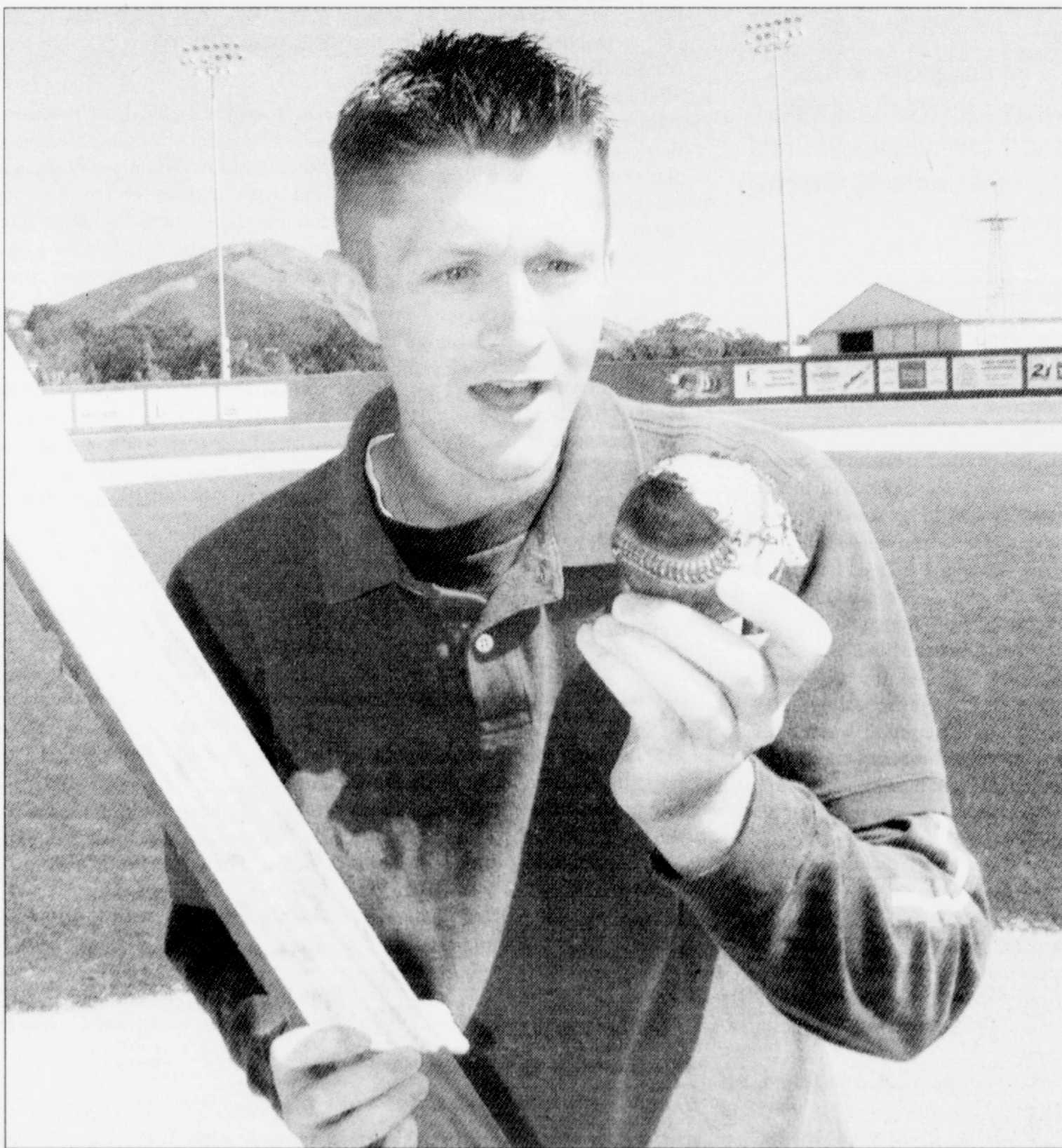


who had babbled the information to me while running to orchestrate a streaking at the dean's office.

"Yeah, the guy's like some kid from overseas," he spit at me, as foam collected around his mouth. "Somebody said he knocks the cover off the ball every time!"

"Get a grip, you crazy loon!" I shouted at him, and slapped him upside the head. "Cal Poly would never support such nonsense." He cringed, holding his ear, and dove into the bushes to escape.

But later in the day, I received an anonymous fax, on Jason Sullivan's private stationary nonetheless. It said that the kid, one Theo Finch, short for Theocritus, was touring the West Coast, looking at schools for next year. Apparently, he'd been born on the Mediterranean island of Corfu and raised by a secret sect of rebel Greek mystics. The fax was garbled toward the bottom of the page, but I managed to decipher that the lad had once hit a baseball from Athens to a small province in Macedonia, but that couldn't be confirmed.



ERIC HENDERSON/MUSTANG DAILY

Our intrepid writer finds the evidence of Cal Poly's latest phenom recruit. Despite making a commotion at the Bagg, the prospect, one Theo Finch, eluded interviews.

The name rang a bell, so I looked it up and realized the connection. The shock almost knocked the peach fuzz off my chin: Theo Finch was none other than the illegitimate son of Sidd Finch, a prospect in the New York Mets' organization in the 1980s! According to an article in Sports Illustrated, the elder Finch had been clocked throwing a pitch at 168 mph, but disappeared before getting called up to the big leagues.

I called up SI writer George Plimpton, who'd been the man on the Finch story back in '85. He told me legend has it that Sidd passed through Corfu after leaving the Mets, and along the way had shacked up with the daughter of a Greek tuna fisherman. He then took off for Tibet the next day, but not before Theo was conceived.

I jumped off my chair and hurried to the Sports Information office to verify the sports information. Bursting through the door, I searched the place to no avail.

"Sullivan, you creep!" I shouted. "I know you sent this fax, so show your face before I unleash the powers of the Mustang Daily on you and reveal you as the shirking little fraud you are!"

There was no answer, but a piece of paper slid out from underneath Sullivan's desk. I could hear breathing and teeth chattering, so I knew the chump was there, but I had work to do. I grabbed the paper and quickly scanned the note. It said Finch was taking batting practice out at Baggett Stadium with head coach Ritch Price!

I fled the Sports Info office and

see FINCH, page 7

How sports at Cal Poly ruined my life

It was Sunday. The sun was shining, the birds were chirping, and I wasn't hungover. That only meant one thing: there was a ballgame.

But it wasn't any ordinary ballgame; Cal Poly was taking on Irvine — the Anteaters. Who ever



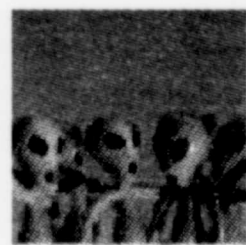
thought of naming their school mascot the "Anteaters?" Is there nothing better in Irvine than the mighty Anteater? Do they strike fear into the hearts of men and leave little children afraid to look under their beds at night? Anyway, this is all besides the point; it's not the reason why the game was important. The game was the rubber match of the series — Cal Poly had taken the first game and then dropped the second one to Irvine the previous afternoon.

Still, this wasn't that significant. Instead, it was about money. I have joined the ranks of Pete Rose. Yes,

see BASEBALL, page 7

Fear, mud and mutton combine in Rodeo experience

It was almost 4 a.m. when I finally made it to a newspaper rack. And as I hopped out of the Camaro, I must have startled the guy who had just put in his 50 cents, because he dropped the door before he could grab his paper.



Quickly turning back to stare at the rack, he yelled, "Oh to hell, I'll get one tomorrow." He then turned his glare on me. And if memory serves me right, as his eye twitched, he mouthed "I kill for fun."

No wait. Let's start earlier.

It was 1 a.m. the day before when I stumbled into my apartment. Being a little less than coherent, I apparently didn't see the drunk girl passed out on the floor. So after kicking her and doing a nosedive into the couch, I decided to lay there and pass out myself.

It was 2:13 a.m. when sports editor Chris Arns dialed my number and woke me from my sobering slumber. Slurring his words he explained to me how while he was at Bull's Tavern, he overheard that the Mutton Busters' run at the Cal Poly Rodeo was going to be rigged.

"They're meeting right now out

in the Ag land. We need to head out there and find out the details," he said.

I explained to him how I was in a little less than perfect condition and shouldn't be on the road.

"That's OK, cause I'm out in your parking lot right now," he said.

Jumping up, running to the door and kicking the drunk girl again, I was lucky this time because my neck broke my fall, and the excruciating pain that followed helped the sobering process along quite nicely.

Twenty minutes later, I found myself out in Cal Poly Ag land

wandering around in the mud and crud trying to find a certain building in the poultry unit with twenty pounds of camera equipment around my neck.

Mr. Sports Editor thought it would be a good idea to split up. He

see MUTTON, page 7



COURTESY PHOTO/WWW.TRAVELGROTTO.COM

The first lesson of Mutton Busting: never bet on Mutton Busting. Second lesson of Mutton Busting: never trust a sheep to do a man's job.